

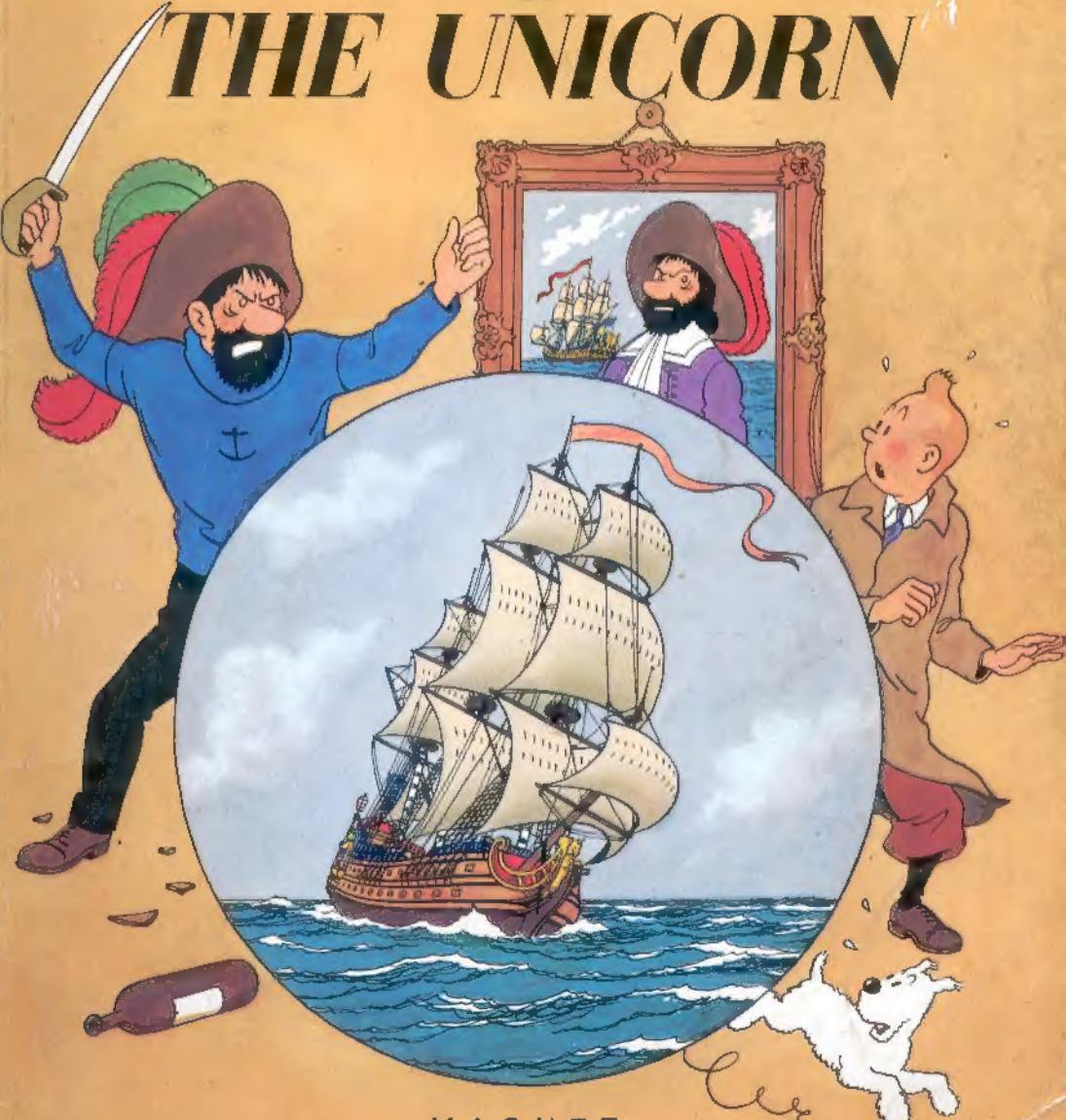
HERGÉ

THE ADVENTURES OF

TINTIN

\*  
THE SECRET  
OF

THE UNICORN



MAGNET

# THE SECRET OF THE UNICORN



## NEWS IN BRIEF

An alarming rise in robberies has been reported in the past few weeks. Daring pickpockets are operating in the larger stores, the cinemas and street markets. A well-organised gang is believed to be at work. The police are using their best men to put a stop to this public scandal.

We must keep our eyes open, and catch these crooks.



How about starting in the Old Street Market? Tintin said he was going there this morning. Perhaps we'll meet him.



What are you doing here? Looking for bargains?

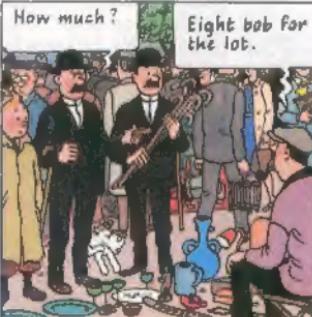
Shh... Highly confidential! ... Special operation: pickpockets.

But that didn't stop us from finding this job-lot of walking sticks...



How much?

Eight bob for the lot.



Six skillings.

Seven... but I'm robbin' meself...



See? You've always got to haggle a bit, here.



My wallet's been stolen!

But that's absurd!... You must have left it at home... or perhaps you've lost it?



Here, you hold these sticks. I'll pay.



Just the sort of thing that would happen to you!... To go and let someone pinch your wallet!



Here, let me pay for them.

Thanks very much, Tintin. We'll pay you back tomorrow.



There...



Goodbye!  
We're going  
to report this  
straight away



Stop thief!... Help!...  
My suitcase!...



I'm sorry, sir, but this ship is not for sale.

Look, I'll give you a Piver for it!  
A tanner!

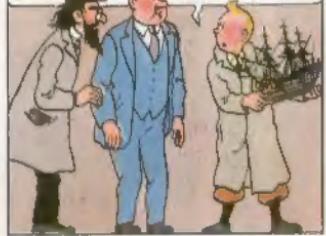
Twenty !      Thirty !



Look here: I want to give this ship to a friend of mine. I'm not selling it, so please don't pest me any more!

Now why were they both so keen to buy my ship?

It really is superb... Captain Haddock will be delighted.



A few minutes later...



RRRING

I expect that's him...



I apologise: it's me again!



Forgive me if I am too insistent. But as I explained, I'm a collector - a collector of model ships. And I would be so very grateful if you would agree to sell me your ship.

I've already told you, I bought it for a friend...



Exactly! Now I have other ships just as good as yours, and we could exchange them so that your friend...

It's no good. Please don't go on. I'm keeping it.



Very well... But think it over. I'll give you my card, so that if you change your mind ...

I shouldn't count on it!



Well, I shall hope.

Goodbye, sir.



CRASH



What's happened ?



Snowy ! ... What have you done ?



Look, how it's broken !



Luckily it's not too bad. I can soon mend it.



RRRRING

This time it must be the Captain.



Hello !

Hello, Captain. Just the person I wanted to see.



Come on in. I've got a surprise for you.



Tintin, what a magnificent ship !



Thundering typhoons !



Where... where did you find this ship ?

In the Old Street Market... Why ?



Ten thousand thundering typhoons ! ... What a remarkable coincidence ! ... Imagine ! ...



No ! Come with me : then you'll see !



Remarkable ! ... It's really remarkable !



Here we are! Now ...



You'll see ...



Look!



Is ...  
is that  
you? ...



No, it's one of my  
ancestors, Sir  
Francis Haddock.  
He lived in the  
reign of Charles  
the Second.

But just take a closer look  
at that ship in the back-  
ground ...



It's just like the one you  
saw in my room, isn't it?

Exactly!... It's the same  
ship!... It's identical!...  
Don't you think that's  
remarkable?



There's a name here. Look  
there, in tiny letters:  
UNICORN

So there is: UNICORN.  
I'd never noticed it.



Maybe there's a  
name on mine too...  
We should have  
brought it along.  
Wait here: I'll go  
and fetch it.



If mine has the  
same name, that'll  
really be funny ...



Let's see ...



Great shakes!... It's gone!



RRRING...  
RRRING...  
RRRING...

Hello?... Yes... Ah,  
it's you... Well, has  
your ship got the  
same name?...  
What did you say?...  
It's been stolen?

Yes, stolen!... Do  
I suspect anybody?  
No one at all... at  
least... Look Captain.  
I'll ring you again  
later...

Yes...  
he's the  
only pos-  
sibility...

IVAN IVANOVITCH  
SAKHARINE  
Collector  
21, Eucalyptus Avenue

Just you wait, Mr. Ivan  
Ivanovitch Sakharine!

Here we  
are...

EUCALYPTUS  
AVENUE

I've a hunch that  
we're off on one  
of our adventures  
again...

RRRING

21

Something tells me he's  
going to get a surprise when  
he opens the door!

Ah, there you are!... Come in...  
I was expecting you.

What?... Expecting me?...  
Then you know why I've come.

But of course ...

You've come to tell me that  
you'll sell your ship after  
all...

Certainly not!

Not?... Then I don't  
understand...

Is this where you  
keep your collec-  
tion?... I've come  
to tell you, sir...  
that my ship has  
been stolen...

... and that I'm waiting for you to explain  
how it comes to be here!



You are mistaken, young man. I've had this ship for more than ten years!...

Ten years? But you were trying to buy it from me less than two hours ago!

This wasn't the ship... Not this one!... Yours was, in fact, exactly the same, but it wasn't this one!

Indeed?...

Well, sir, we can soon tell. Just after you'd gone, my ship fell over and the mainmast was broken. I put it back, but you can see where it broke. So we'll look at your mainmast, if you don't mind!

It's not broken! ... This isn't my ship!

So, you see!

I can understand your surprise. I myself was amazed to find an exact replica of my own vessel in the Old Street Market. And because it seemed so odd, I did all I could to persuade you to part with it...

Please do forgive me, sir... I am so very sorry...  
That's all right! And if you find your ship, let me know

It's extremely odd! Two ships exactly like the one in the Captain's picture... and with the same name: UNICORN.

I must telephone the Captain at once: He'll be amazed!

Engaged!

It really is unbelievable how long people can chatter on the telephone!  
More than a quarter of an hour!  
Ah, at last!

We can go now, Fifi: it has stopped raining...



My door's open! ... What can be the matter now? ...



My flat has been ransacked! ...



The gangsters! What have they done to my books?



This one is completely ruined! ...  
The vandals!



What have they taken this time?



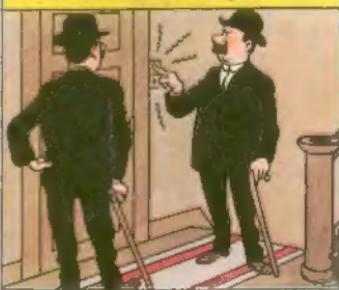
Very queer thieves; they haven't taken a thing.



They've only searched the place... I wonder what they were looking for? ...



Next morning...



Hello. How are you?...  
Good heavens! Whatever's  
happened?



Er... nothing really... just a  
little spot of bother in the Old  
Street Market

Er yes a slight m's  
understanding. Anyway,  
we've come to pay you  
the money for these  
stocks. We called last  
night, but you were  
out.

Did you get your  
wallet back  
all right?

I'm afraid not.  
But I bought a  
new one this  
morning, and  
... and...

Goodness gracious! I've  
been robbed again!



Great Scotland Yard. That man  
we met last night on the stairs,  
on our way here!... I remember  
now: he bumped into me!



Quite tall... coarse features  
... black hair... small black  
moustache... blue suit...  
brown hat.

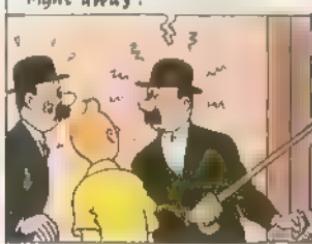
That's him... the man  
from the Old Street  
Market!



But he couldn't have stolen your  
wallet last night, when you  
only bought it this morning



Miserable thieves! A brand  
new wallet! Come along,  
Thomson, we must report this  
right away!



He's right! We must report  
it at once...



Look  
out!



Hey, Thomson, wait for me  
Where are you?



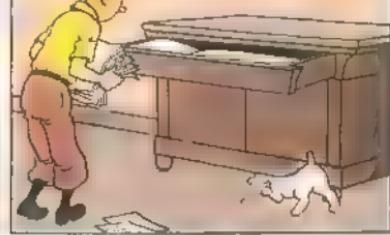
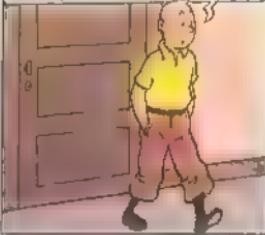
Here! I'm downstairs already



Poor old Thomsons, they do have rotten luck! There seems to be quite an epidemic of larceny and house-breaking.

Oh well, let's try and get these papers sorted out.

What are you after Snowy?



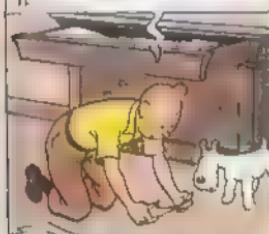
A cigarette, under there? That's a funny place...



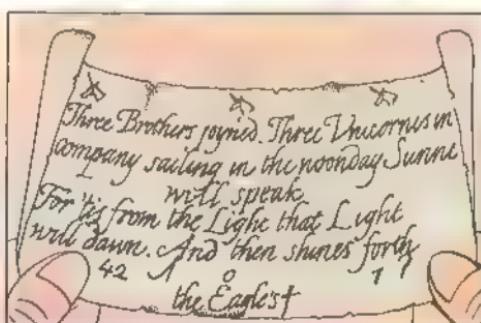
Why, it's not a cigarette, it's a little scroll of parchment.



But this isn't mine! Where ever did it come from?... Let's have a closer look at it



Here's another mystery!



But it's all gibberish! And where on earth did this parchment come from, anyway?



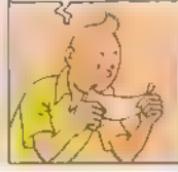
Great snakes! I've got it... This parchment must have been rolled up inside the mast of the ship. It fell out when the mast was broken, and it rolled under the chest...



And that explains something else! .. Whoever stole my ship knew that the parchment was hidden there. When he discovered the scroll had gone, he thought I must have found it. That's why the thief came back and searched my flat, never guessing the parchment was under the chest...



But why was he so anxious to get hold of it? If only it made some sense then at least...



I wonder... But... of course! That must be it! There's no other answer.



Quick, Snowy!.. We must see the Captain



Why? What is it now?

Treasure, Snowy!.. Come on, this is going to be a treasure-hunt!



The old lazybones! He's still in bed!



No! then where can he be?



No one at home. Perhaps he's gone out. I'll ask his land-lady



Captain Haddock?.. No, I didn't see him go out. Hasn't he answered the bell? That's funny.

Perhaps he is?



Huh? He might be. His light's been on all night...



No answer?

Wait! He must be in. I can hear a noise...



Captain! Captain! Open the door! It's me, Tintin.

Not a sound

Still no answer...

THUMP THUMP THUMP



Come one pace nearer and I'll blast you to blazes!

Shall I go for the police?

I think yes he's talking to himself! This is getting serious!

Ah, here comes the locksmith.



Got it?

Nope... can't do it, guv!  
The door's bolted.

We must force the door. I'll be responsible for the damage



Avast, pirates! Avast there!

Captain!



Avast, you dogs!... Sea-gherkins!... Baboons!



Buccaneers!... Fil-busters!... Bagpipers!... Gallows-fodder!



We've won!... That's got them  
on the run!... With a yo-ho,  
a bottle of rum!

What's all this  
play-act-ing for?



Play-acting? This isn't a  
play!... Come in,... and you'll  
understand



You see that man?

Yes, he's one of  
your ancestors.  
What about it?



Well, last night, when I was thinking about  
this strange business of the ship, I  
suddenly remembered that up in  
the attic I had an old sea-chest  
belonging to my ancestor.  
This is it...



In the chest I found  
this hat and cutlass,  
and also

I know!  
Treasure!  
Or a treasure-  
map!



No, not treasure, but something  
like it!... Old manuscripts by  
Sir Francis Haddock... Look,  
I started reading them yes-  
terday evening, and  
read all night...



Journal of  
Sir Francis Haddock  
Captain in the King's  
Navy, Commander of the  
vessel *Unicorn*

I was still reading when you came  
in. That's why you found me a  
little... over-excited. But what  
a story! Just listen to it!



It is the year 1676. The *UNICORN*,  
a valiant ship of King Charles II's  
Fleet, has left Barbados in  
the West Indies, and set sail  
for home. She carries a cargo  
of... well, anyway, there's a  
good deal of rum aboard...

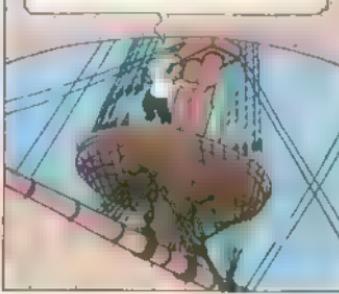




Two days at sea, a good stiff breeze, and the UNICORN is reaching on the starboard tack. Suddenly there's a hail aloft...



Sail on the port bow.

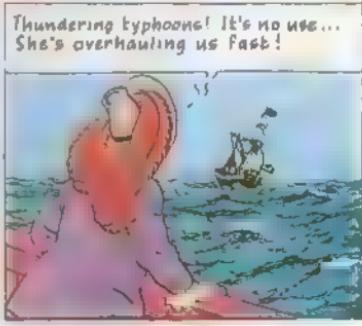
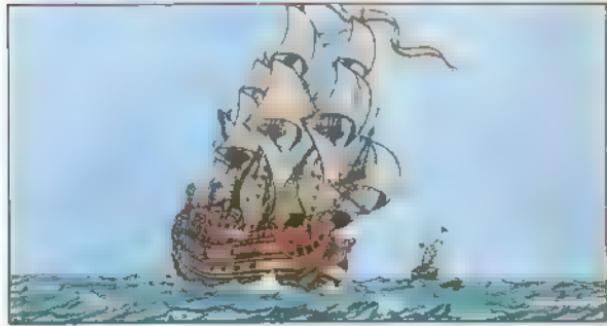


Thundering typhoons! She's mighty close hauled! Ration my rum she's not going to cut across our bows!

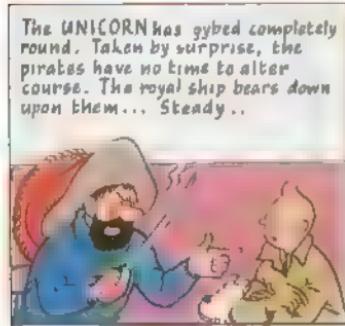


And she's making a spanking pace! One she's running up her colours Now we'll see...



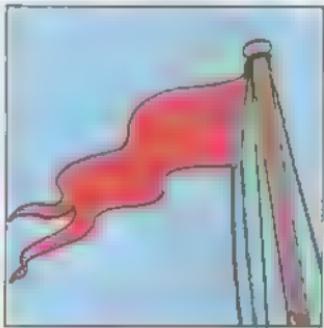


Ready about!  
Let go braces!..  
Beat gunners to  
quarters!





Got her, yes! But not a crip  
pling bow. The pirate ship  
in turn goes about - and look!  
she's hoisted fresh colours  
to the mast-head!



The red pennant! No quarter  
given! A Fight to the death,  
no prisoners taken! You under  
stand? If we're beaten, then  
it's every man to Davy Jones's  
locker!



The pirates take up the chase - they  
draw closer... and closer... Throats  
are dry aboard the UNICORN.

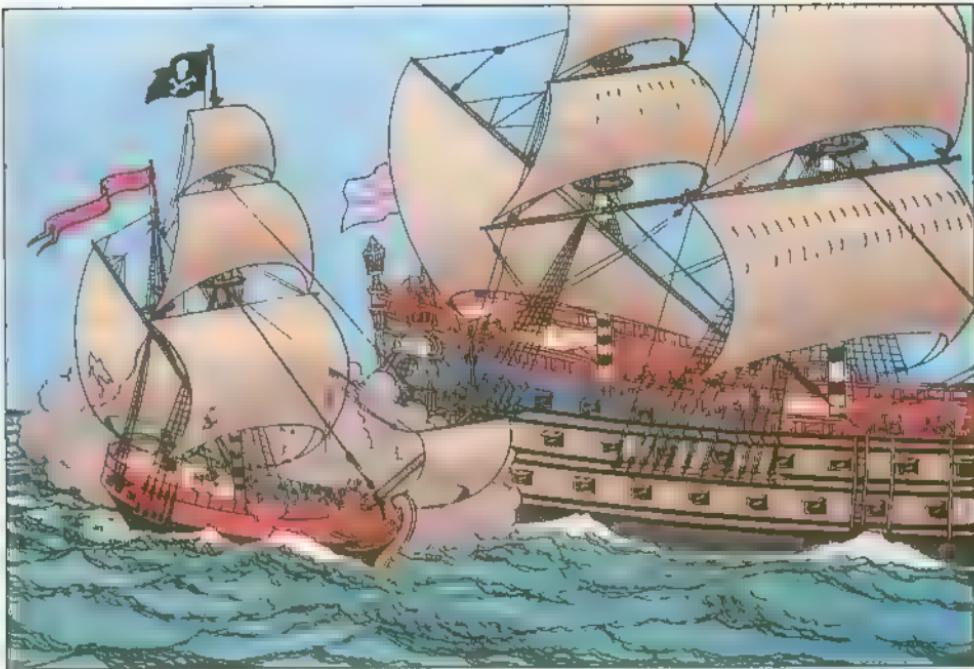


Closely hauled, the enemy  
falls in line astern with  
UNICORN, avoiding the  
fire of her guns... She  
draws closer...



Then suddenly, not more than  
half a cable's length away, she  
slips from under the UNICORN's  
poop; whoosh, like  
that!

Then she resumes her course.  
The two ships are now along-  
side. The boarders prepare  
for action...



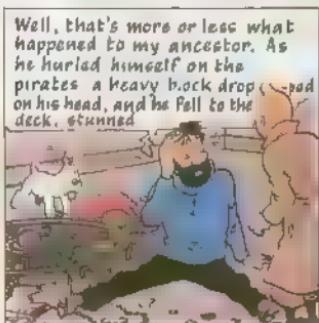
Here they come! Grappling irons are hurled  
From the enemy ship.  
With hideous yells the  
pirates stream aboard  
the UNICORN.



All hands to repel boarders!







Sir Francis? . When he came round he found himself securely lashed to his own mast. He suffered terribly...

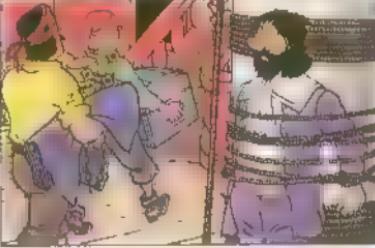
From that blow on the head, of course...

No, from the rest!

Poor man, how he suffered.

He looked about him. The deck was scrubbed, and no trace remained of the fearful combat that had taken place there. The pirates passed to and fro, each with a different load ..

What's happening? Instead of pillaging our ship and making off with the booty, they're doing just the opposite



But there's a man approaching. He wears a crimson cloak, embroidered with a skull: he's the pirate chief! He comes near - his breath reeks of rum - and he says



Regard me

well, dog I am Red Rack-

Your servant, sir. And I am Sir Francis Haddock



Doesn't my name freeze your blood, eh? Right. Listen to me. You have killed Diego the Dreadful, my trusty mate. More than half my crew are dead or wounded. My ship is foundering, damaged by your first attack, then holed below the waterline as we boarded you.



. when some of your dastardly gunners fired at point blank range. She's sinking ... so my men are transferring to this ship the booty we captured from a Spaniard three days ago



And what booty'



Look at these diamonds!



These are worth more than six times a king's ransom.

Did you come here just to tell me that?



No, that's not why I came. I came to tell you that those who annoy me pay dearly for their folly! Tomorrow morning I shall hand you over to my crew. And that flock of lambs know just how to administer a lingering death!



So saying, he laughed sardonically, picked up his glass and drained it at a gulp, like this



That's enough, Captain Go on with your story.



Very well. Towards nightfall, the UNICORN with her pirate crew sighted a small island. Soon she dropped anchor in a sheltered cove ...



Darkness fell; the pirates found the UNICORN's cargo of rum, broached the casks, and made themselves abominably drunk ...



Abominably! ... Yes abominably, that's the word



Hey, what's the idea? I only wanted to show you...

You don't have to, I quite understand



Just as you like, Tintin... Now where was I?



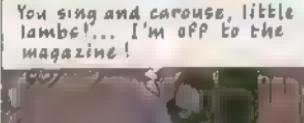
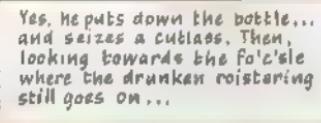
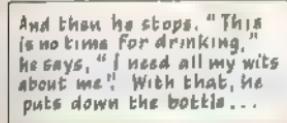
The pirates were abominably drunk.

AAAAAA-  
AAAAAH!





On the pirates?... Like that?... Unarmed?...



You know, of course, the magazine in a ship is where they store the gunpowder and shot ...



Now I must make haste!  
There's just time for me  
to leave the ship before  
she goes up!



So I've caught you!



So dog night!  
I'll have  
you'd blow us sky  
Well, you won't  
that pleasure!  
Skin you alive,  
fore I even douse  
that fuse!



By Lucifer! I'll shave your beard porcupine!

And I'll pluck those feathers squawking  
popinjay! Fancy dress freebooter! Fresh  
water pirate! Pitiful anthropus!



Retreat as you may,  
you cannot escape  
me!

I'll run you through,  
prattling porpoise!



And as he fought Sir Francis kept thinking of that fuse, about to touch off the powder at any moment

Suddenly, nimbly parrying a thrust he leapt to one side.

With one swift blow from his heel he extinguished the fuse!

Now, Red Rackham, my temper's rising!



Victory! Red Rackham lies dead! With a yo ho-ho rum!



That's that! May heaven forgive your wicked soul!



Enough delay! Now to light another fuse.

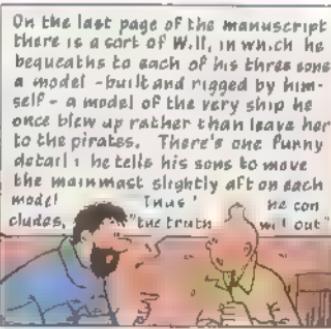
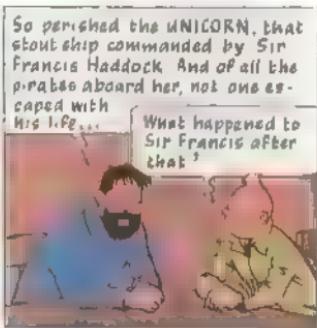


and be off!



No one has seen me - they're still drinking. Quick into the jolly-boat...





What do you mean?

Why do you suppose Sir Francis told his sons to move the mainmast on each of the three ships?



How should I know? He must have been a very particular man, and wanted the ships to be perfect!

In that case, he would have moved the masts himself. Why did he tell his sons to do it?



Because if his sons had obeyed him, they would have found a tiny scroll of parchment inside each mast!



What's that? How do you know?

Because I myself found the parchment hidden in the ship, bought in the Old Street Market.  
Here it is



My wallet... Someone's stolen my wallet...



Stolen it? You've probably left it at home.

No, it's been stolen. It was taken in the bus, on my way here. I remember being jostled...



What was on the parchment?

Wait... er... yes: Three brothers joined - that's the three sons. Three Unicorns in company sailing in the moon-day Sunne will speak - that means we must get the three ships to deliver their secret, the three parchments. The rest isn't so easy...



For 'tis from light that light will dawn. And then shines forth and then some numbers, and at the end, a little cross follows the words the Eagles. That's all.

But what can it mean?



The second UNICORN built by my ANCES- tor?

Yes, it belongs to a certain Mr Sak nar ne



I don't know yet but I'm sure that if we can collect the three scrolls together, then we shall find Red Rackham's diamonds. I already know where the second one is. Come on, Captain!



You know where the second scroll is?



This is it. He lives here, at Number 21



HELP!.. HELP!.. HELP!



What's the matter?

OOOH!...

Ooooh! Lord love us! It's Mr Sakharine... Someone's murdered Mr Sakharine!

?



Dead 2

No he's alive. His heart's beating. He's been chloroformed.



Tintin, look there! The second UNICORN ... and the mast's broken!



Look! The foot of the mast is hollow; the parchment has gone!

Thundering typhoon! We aren't the only ones hunting for Red Rackham's treasure!



Don't move, anyone!



Ah, my old friends !

I'm sorry. We're on duty. On duty we can have no friends!

Quite right! We're here to clear up this business.



First, here's the victim ...

To be precise here's the victim!



Now, if there's a victim, there must be a culprit.

A brilliant deduction! Now we only have to find him, and he can't be far away. To be precise: he isn't faraway..



In fact, there he is!



Me, the culprit? You dare accuse me! ... Miserable earth worms! Sea-gherkins'

Slave-traders' . Sea-lice! Black-beetles' Baboons'

Art crooks' . Vermicellis!.. Phylloxera! Pyrographers!



Crab-apples! ... Goosecups!... Goggliers!... Jelly-fish!

Captain! Captain! Calm yourself!



Yes, please calm yourself, Captain. We only said that by way of an experiment.

What sort of experiment?



You see, if you really had been guilty, you'd have been upset. As it is, we are now quite convinced of your innocence



Now, to work! We must look for fingerprints.



Goodness gracious! The corpse has gone!



Look! Your corpse is coming round!



What happened to you, Mr Sakkarine?

A man came here last night, to offer me some fine old engravings. As I bent over to look at them I felt a pad clamped over my nose...



No doubt it was chloroform, for I became unconscious...

Very odd... To be precise... Can you smell something burning?



Your magnifying glass! Ha'ha'  
ha'... your magnifying-glass...  
and the sun! Ha'ha'ha!



Stop laughing in that  
stupid way! Try to  
concentrate on the  
case



Can you describe the man  
who came to offer you  
those engravings?



He was rather fat. Black hair  
and a little black moustache. He  
wore a blue suit, and a brown  
hat

That's him! That's the  
man in the Old  
Street Market!



What man in the Old Street Market?

A man who tried to buy the  
chip I found in the Old Street  
Market. You know him too  
he's the one you met on the  
stairs on your way to see  
me last night. You suspec-  
ted him of stealing  
your wallet



By the way, do you know mine  
has been stolen too?

No! It's extraordinary how  
many people let their wallets  
be stolen! It's so easy not  
to... Here, you try and  
take mine...



Go on, try!



It's on elastic!



Childishly simple, in fact. But  
now we must leave you to your  
investigations. Goodbye.

Goodbye.



If things go on like this, Red  
Rackham's treasure will disappear  
from under our noses...

Yes, I'm afraid  
so



Look, someone seems to be  
waiting for us outside my  
door



The man from the  
Old Street Market et

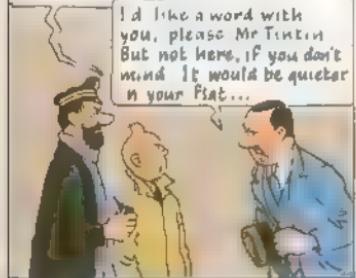
Mr. Tincin?



Yes, What can I do for you ?

I'd like a word with  
you, please Mr Tintin.  
But not here, if you don't  
mind. It would be quieter  
in your flat...

All right. We'll go up...



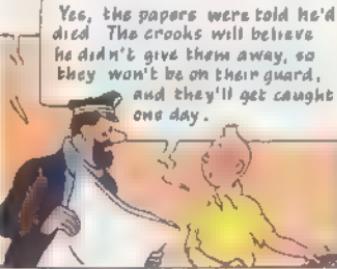
Next morning

## SHOOTING DRAMA

A unknown man was shot dead in Labrador Road just before midday yesterday. As he was about to enter No 26, three shots were fired from a passing car which had slowed down opposite him. The victim was struck by all three bullets in the region of the heart. He died without regaining consciousness.



But look here: it says in the paper that he's dead



Ah, I see now. But I still wonder what that poor chap meant, pointing at those sparrows...



Another day watching for pickpockets all over the place. I'll be glad to get back home



Here comes our bus at last!



My wallet!... This time I've got you, you scoundrel!





Ah, Captain! Come with me

Where?

To see the Thomsons. They've found my wallet!

There's no mistake - it's in the air right

He had seven in his pockets. The day's takings, no doubt



Yes, it's certa' nly a morning coat. How odd for a pickpocket to wear a thing like this.

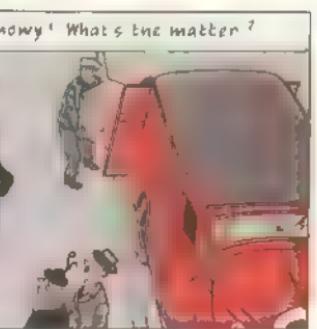
The trouble is that the coat doesn't give us any clue about its owner's identity

Look at these stitches. They make up a number. That means the coat has been to the cleaners recently



So... to find the thief's name and address, we've only got to trace the cleaners who use this mark. Quick, we'll make a list of cleaners from the telephone directory, and start hunting for the thief at once.





Snowy!... Snowy! Be  
careful! You'll fall!



Is Mr Tintin upstairs?

Yes, he's in

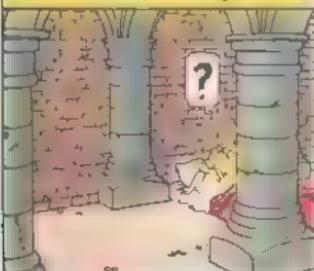


Mrs Finch!... Mrs Finch!... Tintin isn't in his room!

Not in? Then where can he be?



Next morning



Where on earth am I?



It looks very much as if I'm a prisoner...



Yee, a prisoner!



Nobody there! But I wasn't dreaming someone spoke!

Yes, someone spoke!

Who are you? And where are you?

Who am I? I am the ghost of the captain of the UNICORN!

Ha! ha! ha! ha! ha!

Ha! ha! ha! That frightened you, didn't it? Come over to the door. Come on.

Come nearer. Good. Now, can you see the speaking tube?

Who are you, and what do you want with me?

Who am I? ... You must allow me to remain anonymous. And why did I have you kidnapped? You have guessed that, no doubt.

I want to know where you have hidden the two parchments you stole from me.

Me? I stole the parchments? ... But I never had more than one.

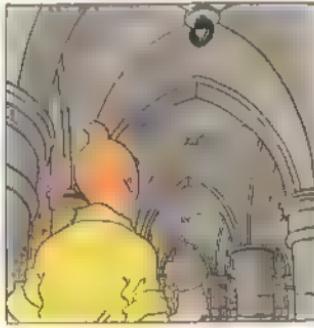
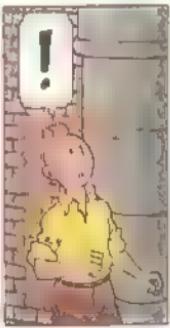
Come on now, let's be sensible! I collected two of the three scrolls you took them from me. That night when I had your flat searched, only the third one was found ... in your wallet. Where are the other two?

How should I know?

As you like. But I warn you: I knew of several ways to loosen stubborn tongues... I'll give you two hours to tell me where you hid those scrolls, then if you won't talk, you'll soon see

the sort of man I am!  
But I tell you. Oh he's cut off, the gangster!

Now I'm in a fine mess! How do I get out of this one?



Fret! I'll knot these sheets  
and blankets together



Then tie them securely  
to this beam...



And pull! . Heave-ho! ... Heave-ho!  
Heave-ho! Heave!



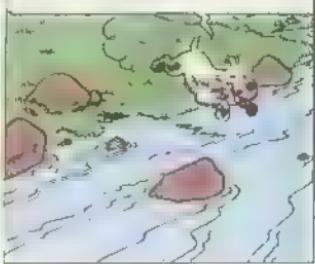
Start again: I've  
simply got to move  
this beam  
Now



Meanwhile

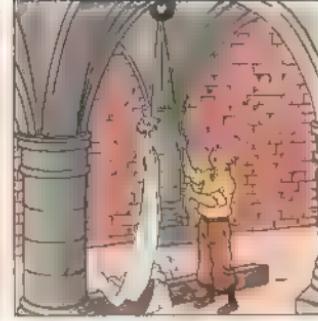


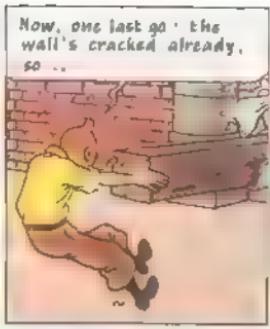
A quick bath and I'll soon  
get rid of this mud



Aha! It's good to  
be nice and  
clean again







So, my friend, you thought you'd be smart and hide in a suit of armour. Well, you're caught: come on out!



You won't? That's too bad for you! I'll count up to three and then I fire. One... two... three



BANG

BANG

...

...

...

...

...

...

...

...

...

...

...

...

...

...

...

...

...

...

...

...

...

...

...

...

...

...

...

...

...

...

...

...

...

...

...

...

...

...

...

...

...

...

...

...

...

...

...

...

...

...

...

...

...

...

...

...

...

...

...

...

...

...

...

...

...

...

...

...

...

...

...

...

...

...

...

...

...

...

...

...

...

...

...

...

...

...

...

...

...

...

...

...

...

...

...

...

...

...

...

...

...

...

...

...

...

...

...

...

...

...

...

...

...

...

...

...

...

...

...

...

...

...

...

...

...

...

...

...

...

...

...

...

...

...

...

...

...

...

...

...

...

...

...

...

...

...

...

...

...

...

...

...

...

...

...

...

...

...

...

...

...

...

...

...

...

...

...

...

...

...

...

...

...

...

...

...

...

...

...

...

...

...

...

...

...

...

...

...

...

...

...

...

...

...

...

...

...

...

...

...

...

...

...

...

...

...

...

...

...

...

...

...

...

...

...

...

...

...

...

...

...

...

...

...

...

...

...

...

...

...

...

...

...

...

...

...

...

...

...

...

...

...

...

...

...

...

...

...

...

...

...

...

...

...

...

...

...

...

...

...

...

...

...

...

...

...

...

...

...

...

...

...

...

...

...

...

...

...

...

...

...

...

...

...

...

...

...

...

...

...

...

...

...

...

...

...

...

...

...

...

...

...

...

...

...

...

...

...

...

...

...

...

...

...

...

...

...

...

...

...

...

...

...

...

...

...

...

...

...

...

...

...

...

...

...

...

...

...

...

...

...

...

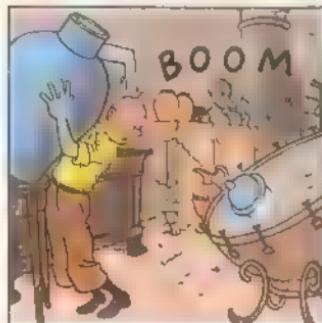
...

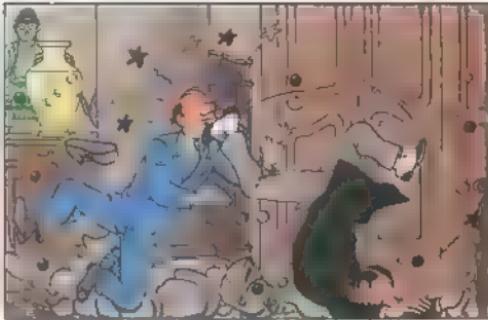
...

...

...

...





Now I see what he meant -  
the man who was shot  
pointing to the birds  
He was giving us the  
name of his attackers!  
... Just look at this  
letter ...



Messrs M + G Bird  
Antique Dealers  
Marlinspike Hall,  
Marlinspike  
ENGLAND

Quick, let's ring up the  
Captain ...



Hello yes its me yes  
Who's speaking? What?  
Tintin!... I... Where are  
you? Hello?... Hello?...  
Hello! Hello? Are you  
there?



What am I doing here? I er  
I'm Mr Bird's new secretary.  
Didn't you know that?



I no I hadn't heard  
Please excuse me sir.



Hello, Nestor! Nestor!

Hello, Nestor!... A young ruf-  
fian's broken into the house!  
Stop him telephoning his ac-  
complices! We're coming at  
once. Don't let him get away,  
whatever you do!



Hello, Captain! I'm at Marlin-  
spike Hall... Bring the police!  
Drop that tele-  
phone on you!

... What?  
No, not in  
Greece - in  
Marlinspike  
Hall!

What?

Starlings bite?...  
Hello?  
Hello? Starlings  
bite what?

What?

Marlinspike, Captain!  
Marlinspike Hall!

What?

What?... Martin's  
be? Hello?  
Hello? Thunder-  
ing typhoons!  
What's going on?

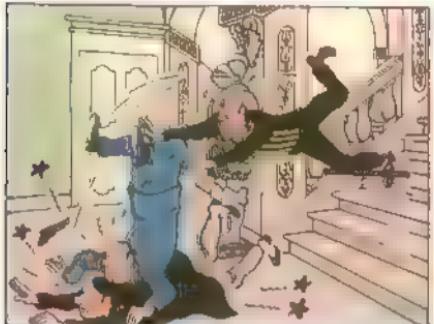
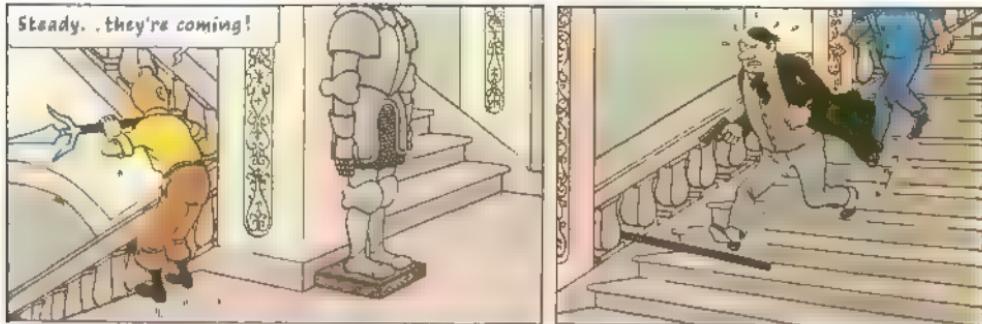
What?

Marlinspike Hall - Marlin-  
spike!





Steady. . they're coming!



Free at last!



Crumbs, they're after us again!



Missed! He's disappeared among the trees!

Fetch Brutus, Nestor: Quickly!



What an enormous park: it's like a forest...

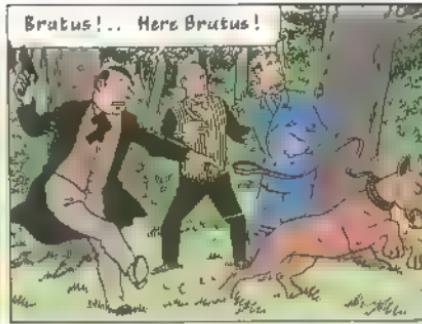


WOOF! WOOF!

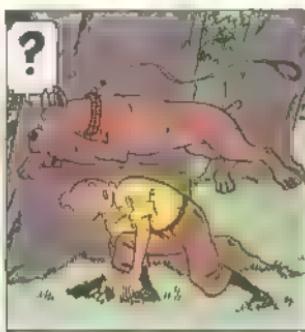


Find him, Brutus! Find him!









Where are they going?  
.. Oh, I see! that  
little wretch is taking  
care to put Brutus  
back in his kennel



They're coming back this  
way they'll pass under  
the ground-floor win-  
dows. Perhaps there's  
some way...



Keep cool, Nestor!



Here they come!  
Careful, don't miss...



Nestor!



Now then  
once more...



Oh dear!!



Got you this time,  
my young friend!



Come out here, Nestor, and bring some strong cord with you.

You, walk in front! I don't have to tell you - one false move and I'll shoot you like a dog!

OW! Snowy!

Hands up!

Snowy! Good old Snowy! You man aged to find me!

Against?

Great snakes! .. That sounds like the two Thomsons!

Hands up!

And there's Captain Haddock! Hooray!

Ha, bully! Ha, sir ate! Ha, pickled herring!

Captain! Look out, Captain! What are you doing?



let me go! I keep telling you it's all a mistake. I'm not the one to arrest...

Ah here come Thomson and Thompson.  
Hello

It's this little ruffian, this little wretch who broke into the house and terrorized my masters, he's a real gangster, Mr Detective...

It's true, Nestor acted in good faith I heard his master say I was a criminal Nestor deserved it



Then your masters are the criminals Look what's left of my bottle of three star brandy! It's all their fault!... They're gangsters! dizzards! baboons!

And what's more, we have a warrant for their arrest.

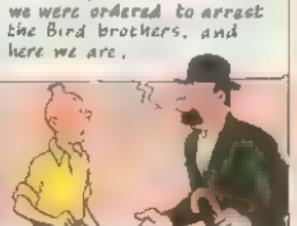
My wallet! My wallet! It's incredible!

But your wallet's there...  
That's just what's incredible. No one has stolen it!

By the way, what about that pickpocket!... Have you managed to lay hands on him?

We got his name from the Stellar Cleaners: he's called Arctides Silk. We were just about to pull him in when we were ordered to arrest the Bird brothers, and here we are.

Quiet! Quiet! Listen to me



Gentlemen, there has been a miscarriage of justice! This man is innocent, as Tintin said. Won't you take off these handcuffs... and let him go and fetch me another bottle of brandy?



There, my man, now you're free. And we'll use these handcuffs for your masters!



We'll follow you, Nestor. Don't forget, it's to be three-star!



Now Captain, tell me how you came to be here.

Oh, yes. Right. Well



Just after your telephone call - and I didn't understand a word of that - someone rang up from the hospital



... where they still had the little-birds-man. After hovering between life and death he'd just come round and identified his attackers: the Bird brothers, antique dealers of Marlinspike Hall. It was only when I heard that name . . .



.. that I understood what you meant on the telephone. There was no time to lose. I warned the police at once, and we rushed here



WHAM \*  
\* OH!  
WHAM  
OW!



We shouldn't have left the police with those two gangsters!...



Look . . . one's escaping! there! He's just turned the corner!

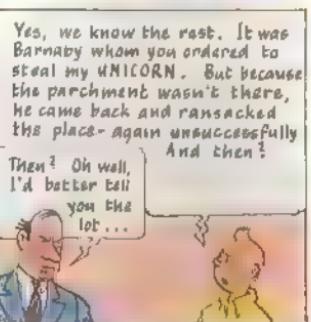


He's the most dangerous of the two: he mustn't get away!



BRRRR  
BRRRR  
A car! That's a car starting up!





Barnaby came back empty-handed  
Then he suddenly remembered the  
other man who'd been trying to  
buy the ship from you.



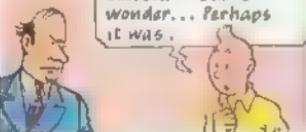
And next day he visited  
Mr Sakharine, chloro-  
formed him, and  
stole the third  
parchment

That's right. But after he'd given  
it to us, he and Max quarrelled  
violently about the money we'd  
agreed he should have. Barnaby  
demanded more, but Max stuck  
to the original sum. Finally  
Barnaby went, furiously angry  
and saying we'd regret our mean-  
ness. When he'd gone, Max got  
cold feet - supposing the wretch  
betrayed us? We jumped  
into the car and trailed  
him; our fears were  
justified. We saw him  
speaking

... to you. Panicking in  
case he'd given the whole  
game away, Max caught up  
with you in a few seconds,  
and shot Barnaby as he  
stepped into your doorway.

I understand so far:  
but tell me, why  
did you kidnap  
me?

We told you: to make you give  
up the two parchments you  
had stolen from us a few days  
after the shooting.



I see... But I couldn't  
have stolen them as  
I didn't know you  
existed! But I  
wonder... Perhaps  
it was...

Yes, perhaps it was Mr Sakharine  
who took the two scrolls?

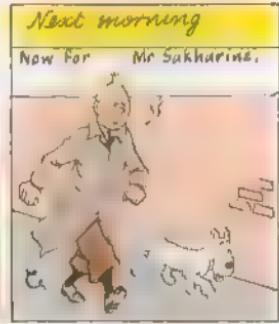


Hurrah!  
That's it!



Ready! Steady! He - eave!





Sh! Mum's the word!  
Come with us!



You'll soon see...



RAT TAT  
TAT TAT

Mr. Aristides Silk ?



I arrest you in the name of the law !



Yes, you ! You are a thief, sir ! ...



I'm sorry to interrupt you, Mr. Silk, but could you explain the meaning of all this ? ...



... er, yes ... Well, I ... you see, I'm not a thief : certainly not ! But I'm a bit of a... kleptomaniac. It's something stronger than I am : I adore wallets. So



... and I add it to my collection ...



I venture to say, gentlemen, that this is a unique collection of its kind. And when I tell you that it only took me three months to assemble you'll agree that it's a remarkable achievement



I wonder if by some extraordinary co-incidence ...



Hooray !



And here are the two pieces of parchment ! ... Captain Red Rackham's treasure is ours !



Goodbye! Don't forget to have a look under the letter T!

Under letter T?



Look under T?  
Why under T?  
...



Good gracious!  
this belongs  
to me!...



"Property of  
Thompson"!  
This is yours!...



Property of Thompson... property of Thompson... Thompson... Thompson... Thompson... Thompson... Thompson... Thompson... Thompson... Thompson...

Next day...

Red Rackham's treasure is ours: it's easy enough to say. We've found two of the scrolls, I know, but we still haven't got the third...



RRRING  
RRRING  
RRRING



Hello?... Yes, it's me... Good morning... What? you've arrested him?...



Not exactly, but thanks to the clues we gave, they managed to catch him trying to leave the country...



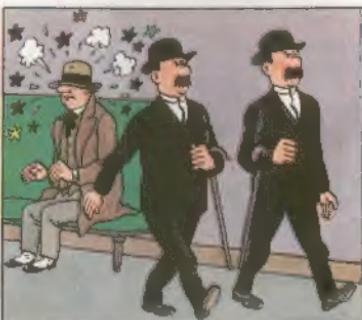
What about the third parchment?  
Did you find it on him?...



Yes, he had it. We're bringing it along to you. But first we've got a little account to settle with this troublesome antique dealer...



Here, Thompson, hold my stick while I just deal with this gentleman...



Three Brothers joined. Three Unicorns in  
company sailing in the noonday Sunne  
For tos from the Light that Light will  
20 dawn. And then shines forth

Three company will see  
the Eagle's +  
For tos from the Light that  
dawn. And then shines forth  
ra Unicorns in  
noonday Sunne  
42 A 0  
the Eagle's +  
dawn. And then shines forth  
52

No! No! and No! You can go  
on hunting if you want to, but  
I've had enough; I give up.  
Blistering barnacles to that  
pirate Red Rackham, and his  
treasure! I'd sooner do without it;  
I'm not racking my brains any more trying to  
make sense out of that gibberish! Thundering typhoons!  
What a thirst it's given me!



I've got it, Captain!...  
I've got it!...

The message is right when  
it says that it is "from  
the light that light will  
dawn!" Look, I put them  
together...

...and hold them, "sailing in com-  
pany," in front of the light. Look now!  
See what comes through! ...



Three Brothers joined. Three Unicorns in  
company sailing in the noonday Sunne  
For tos from the Light that Light will  
will speak  
20 dawn. And then shines forth  
37 42 N. 70 52 15 W.

the Eagle's +

A latitude and a longitude!

Obviously telling us where the UNICORN sank!



Now, Captain... When do we leave on our treasure-hunt?

When do we leave?  
... Er...



Let's see... First we need a ship... We can charter the SIRIUS, a trawler belonging to my friend, Captain Chester... Then we need a crew, some diving suits and all the right equipment for this sort of expedition... That will take us a little time to arrange. We'd better say a month. Yes, in a month we could be ready to leave.



But of course it won't be easy, and we shall certainly have plenty of adventures on our treasure-hunt... You can read about them in RED RACKHAM'S TREASURE



- Herge -

